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VOL. I.

APRIL, 1888.

No. 4

# BRAZILIAN MISSIONS.

A  
MONTHLY BULLETIN  
OF  
MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

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**BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.**

# Brazilian Missions.

VOL. I.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., APRIL, 1888.

No. 4.

EXPECT GREAT THINGS FROM GOD.  
ATTEMPT GREAT THINGS FOR GOD.

*William Carey's Motto.*

WE wish to express our thanks to many friends for their kind words respecting our monthly.

It is a great encouragement to know that already the purpose of its publication has been in a measure realized, in awakening a deeper interest in the great work of the Lord in Brazil. We confess, however, that we are not reaching as large a circle of readers as we would wish.

We venture to ask of our subscribers that they will kindly assist us in extending the circulation of our bulletin. We are very thankful to those pastors and others who have already sent us lists of names.

We especially appreciate the efforts of the boys who have been so successful in obtaining subscribers. One lad of five years has by his own exertion obtained fifteen names; another of eight has sent us thirty; we trust this may stimulate others to similar efforts.

DURING the two days' sessions of the Women's Board of Foreign Missions, held in the West Presbyterian Church of New York, on the 11th and 12th of April, not one word was said or a single prayer offered in behalf of

our missions in South America. We do not grudge the large loaf which our fellow-laborers in Japan, China, India, and Africa enjoy; but, dear sisters, do not forget to give us, at least, some of the crumbs.

IT is only about twenty-nine years ago since the lamented Simonton, the founder of the Presbyterian mission, arrived in Rio de Janeiro; and the work has developed to such an extent, under the divine blessing, that the Synod of Brazil will be composed of fifty churches, and thirty-two ministers, of whom twelve are natives.

WHEN Martin Luther threw the inkstand at the devil's head, the latter did not feel the least concerned or offended at such an unusual proceeding; but in his inmost soul he said: "Martin, Martin, thou shalt find out what use I am going to make of your valuable present." The whole Christian world knows to-day what a power for evil the press may become in the hands of the enemies of the Cross, but nowhere is it doing more to undermine the foundations of the social fabric than in Brazil, where the most objectionable French novels are translated and published in Portuguese, and where, compara-

tively, very little is done to counteract its baneful influences.

It is high time that the Church should awake to the importance of the Christian press as a powerful ally to missionary effort, especially in countries like Brazil, where education is spreading and where the press is absolutely free.

We need all the ink ourselves, and cannot afford to throw it at the devil's head or leave it in his hands. We should use it as copiously as he does, but for the glory of God and His dear Son.

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LAST year the members of the Presbyterian churches in Brazil contributed ten thousand dollars towards the support of the gospel.

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A BRAZILIAN baker, one day, doing his marketing in Rio Grande do Sul, met with a mulatto, a young colporteur, who offered him Bibles and books for sale. His attention was called to a pamphlet, "The man who shook the World," and supposing it to be a short narrative of the life of Napoleon, he bought it and took it home with him. What was his astonishment, however, when he found it to be the life of Luther. Still, he went on reading it, and became so interested in Protestantism that he bought a copy of God's Word, attended the services regularly, and finally, not only he himself, but his two sons also, were brought to the foot of the Cross. They were received together as members of the church, and the younger children of the family baptized in the name of the Triune God.

### A CURIOUS PICTURE.

NEAR the railroad station in Santos is the old church and convent of Santo Antonio. Separated from the church by large iron-grated doors is a chapel containing at the further end the shrine of some saint. On the sides are two large pictures made of blue and white porcelain tiles. One represents some allegorical subject of doubtful meaning; the other is of decided interest in view of the history of the gospel in Brazil.

In the left-hand foreground are three robed prelates with mitres and staves. The foremost of the three wears the tiara of St. Peter's would-be successor. They are leading the way afoot for a grand triumphal car, drawn by several pairs of prancing horses, each mounted by a cherub and harnessed with garlands of roses.

Seated in the chariot drawn in such royal state is the Queen of Heaven, as the Brazilians love to call the Blessed Virgin. Crushed to earth, beneath one of the wheels, is a prostrate form; while a bound captive follows fastened to the hinder part of the chariot. That their identity may not be mistaken, below are to be found their names, LUTHERO, and CALVINO.

Strange is the commentary written by the hand of time. The cloisters of the convent have long since been deserted, the religious orders having been prohibited by law. Its massive masonry is crumbling; its altar cloths are in rags; and the church is rarely opened.

Part of the ground has been sold; and plumb against the convent wall



is the immense coffee mill of the New York firm of Hard, Rand & Co., where a Yankee inventor has mounted the finest hulling machine in the empire.

On the other hand, the doctrines of the great reformers have perhaps never before given such illustrations of their life-giving power, as in the conquests they are winning to-day over effete superstitions in this very empire of Brazil.

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**ROBERT REID KALLEY, M. D.**

ON the 17th of January entered into his rest this servant of God, whose name will always be connected with the early history of the evangelization of Brazil. A Scotch physician of independent means, he lived for eight years on the Island of Madeira, practicing his profession among the poor, and at the same time carrying to them the glad tidings of salvation. The blessed work of grace which followed, and the fierce persecution which resulted in the expulsion of the believers from the island, awakened the sympathies of Protestant Christians throughout the world. Dr. Kalley then came to Rio de Janeiro, where he labored zealously and successfully for twenty-one years, retiring at last to his native land because of the infirmities of age.

The church which he founded is the oldest evangelical church in the empire, of those in which the services are conducted in Portuguese. It has a membership of over two hundred, and an average congregation of from four to five hundred. The zeal, the sufferings, and the success of this noble man entitle him to a high

place among the devoted missionaries of the Cross.

After a joyful service on earth, he now enjoys a rich reward in heaven.

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**INDIANS IN SAO PAULO.**

THE western half of the great province of Sao Paulo is still largely in the hands of its original owners, extensive regions being entirely unexplored.

Not so with the southeastern portion. The cities, villages, streams, and hills nearly all have Indian names; but their old masters have disappeared. A recent trip through the wild regions below Santos and up the Iguape River excited much interest as to the fate of the aboriginal tribes. Itanhaen, Piruibe, Jurêa, Guarahu, Guarapo-guassú, Sua-mirim, Jacupiranga, Botujuru, Xiririca, Iporanga—all were passed; and only their names remain to testify of the existence of the Guarany Indians who gave them. Most of the Brazilians know little and care less about the strange people whose places they have taken. They told, however, of villages still remaining in the forests, and of "buqres," who come into town occasionally to sell brooms, beg, and drink bad whisky.

One man insisted that they had no souls, but were a sort of wild beast, like their neighbors of the forest. At last, however, a young man was found who could give intelligent information. For years, since a little boy, he has been much among the Indians; fishing and hunting with them, sometimes for months at a time.

Those with whose habits he is acquainted, live within a district about twenty miles square, which includes the village of Conceição de Itanhaen. They have three or four settlements, and engage in agriculture. The men, by actual count, number only seventy-five, besides women and children. All recognize the authority of one "cacique," a man said to be of strictly temperate habits, who censures the prevalent drunkenness of the tribe. All speak Portuguese; but only three or four of the older men understand the pure Guarany. The rest retain many Guarany words, and among themselves speak a mixture of the two languages.

They seem to be descendants of the Indians who came under the influence of Jesuit missionaries two centuries ago, as all have been baptized, and seem to be as good Christians as their Brazilian neighbors, rivaling them in their readiness to get drunk on the feast days of the Church, in honor of the saints.

This generation has been entirely without religious instruction. The expression of the young man who was giving the information, as to their readiness to learn, was extremely touching. Said he: "They come into town, and go to the churches, and *do just what they see other people do.*" Sad that they should see only the empty forms of a dead religion, and hear only the unintelligible Latin of the Romish ritual!

Repeated inquiries as to the religious beliefs of their ancestry had elicited no definite reply; but the name of a Supreme Being is yet preserved among them, as different

from the God of the Romish Church. According to this informant, the only other Indians remaining in this part of the Empire, are to be found, after seven days' voyage in canoe, from Iguape, up the river Juquié. He had never visited them, but believes them to be fewer in number, and of similar habits to the Conceição tribe.

Shall the million wild Indians of Brazil pass away like former generations, with none to give them the light of the gospel?

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#### SAO PAULO SCHOOLS.

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WE are now nearing the close of the first month of our school year; the long mid-summer vacation being in December and January.

For various reasons, among which a strong reactionary tendency on the part of the Jesuits, we had not expected a large number of pupils to begin the term with; but, quite contrary to our expectations, before the end of the first week every available seat was filled, and we have literally been *making* room ever since. The capacity of the school for comfortable work is 150 pupils. We have now nearly two hundred of all grades, and have again been obliged to press into service the rear rooms of the church and the dining-room of the girls boarding-school. Almost every day brings applications for room for new scholars, in spite of persistent refusal to submit to further crowding.

Yesterday a prominent Brazilian lady brought a girl of twelve years, who had come in from the country for the sole purpose of attending the American School. To my statement

that I could not give her a seat, she replied, "I will send a chair for her." But, I added, "I have no desk or even table for her." "I will also send a table," she answered. "You must take her"; and we took her.

The foundations are already laid for a new primary school-building that will give us four rooms 21 by 23 feet, and thus relieve the pressure *for a time*. The money to pay for it is not all in sight yet, but we believe it will come in due time. The leaders of the church of Rome are making a steady fight against us. They fear the widening influence of our Church, and realize the power of the school in molding the minds of the children and youth. Yet it seems to grow best under pressure.

This is known as the school of the "Propaganda Protestante." Still, parents who love their children more than they fear Rome, bring to it their sons and daughters.

So, notwithstanding all hostility, it grows and grows; and in the providence of God is destined, we hope, to be the "Robert College" of Brazil.

Its pupils and its pupils' pupils will doubtless have much to say about the future of the country.

H. M. L.

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#### UNEXPECTED OPPORTUNITIES.

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WHILE in an interior town in Brazil, a few months ago, a missionary was led to notice the narrow range of his prayers. The pressing claims of the great work immediately around him had held too exclusive a place in his petitions. The Saviour's command, "Go ye into *all* the world,"

he felt more strongly than ever to be fulfilled, not only by leaving one's home to preach in foreign lands, nor by scattering broadcast money gifts, but that *by prayer* every Christian may, and ought to, go into every part of the world.

As a result, his prayers that day reached out to China, Japan, India, Siam, Africa, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Catholic Europe, and the gospel-deserted classes in the United States.

Before leaving the town, God unexpectedly gave him the opportunity of reaching by personal efforts representatives of two of the classes for which he had prayed.

The first was a *Syrian*. The little place is entirely out of the line of foreign emigration, and its population is almost purely Brazilian. The surprise of the missionary may, therefore, readily be imagined, upon being accosted, on his afternoon walk, in his English mother tongue. The speaker was a native of Beirut, Syria, scarce two weeks in the country, a tall, fine-looking young man, Bechara George Trad by name.

He reported 1,200 of his countrymen here in Brazil, engaged, as he was, in selling rosaries, crucifixes, etc., all claiming to come from Jerusalem. He said that the great majority belong to the poor peasant class; while he was of a wealthy family, and had been well educated, had learned French and Greek as a boy at home, and English during a two years' residence in England. The slight acquaintance, which only extended over two days, owing to the missionary's departure, showed the Arab to have no mean order of intelligence, and to possess many

amiable qualities. Unfortunately he has been lost sight of for the present, not yet having answered the letters sent him.

But the lesson is none the less striking, of the possibility of working in unexpected quarters. What could be more unlikely than that one living in the interior of Brazil, could help in the great struggle of Christianity with Islamism; and yet in direct answer to prayer, came this opportunity to preach Christ to one follower of the false prophet, who might be the means chosen of God to save thousands of his countrymen.

The second was an *American miner*. The missionary was on his way to make a second visit to his Arab friend, when he was stopped on the street and invited to come into a store to act as interpreter for an American "engineer," whose stock of Portuguese was extremely limited. He proved to be a miner who had left the West of the United States some months before because life had become a little "tame" there, and had come to see what American skill and pluck could make out of the gold mines in Minas, which, because of the country's primitive methods of mining, had long since been abandoned as no longer profitable.

He was a typical frontiersman, greatly in love with his roaming life, and full of praise of the type of character developed since the gold fever of '49 brought into being a new order of men and principles. For three hours the two talked together; each delighted to see another American. Quite as much alone as if the two had been sitting around the Dakota camp-fire, the miner spun a yarn

worthy of Bret Harte, concerning a woman riding alone, coming upon himself and companion after night-fall, miles from town; her chivalrous treatment, and his adventures on a strange road in the pitch-dark night, himself astray, though acting as her guide to the nearest settlement.

His religious creed seemed to be summed up in two articles, hatred of cant, and generosity to the weak and oppressed. One of nature's noblemen he seemed, and yet without Christ. Long the missionary pleaded that true religion calls out all that is manly in the heart; and that the hypocrites, whom he had cited as samples Christians, were as detestable counterfeits are to the pure gold.

They parted. The next day the missionary left on a long trip, and was unable to visit the camp where his solitary countryman and English-speaking negro servant were trying to find hidden treasures. Soon he left that part of the province, and has not since returned, except by his prayers. He sent a Bible, however, by mail, with a few lines, recommending it as the most thoroughly sham-opposing book in the world, and begging his friend not to wait till he was "dead broke," and needed the proffered assistance before turning to God for help. No direct answer has come; but the native pastor writes that the miner was present at church on the last communion Sunday.

Pray for Abraham Dawson, and remember that in so doing *you* are coming to Brazil, and taking as true a part in the work here as any of us whom God has honored by placing

us in this land, whose place in the history of the Church and the world bids fair to be the wonder of the twentieth century.

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### SLAVERY.

THE province of Sao Paulo has been considered the stronghold of slavery, by reason of its immense coffee interests ; but we may fearlessly say that at the end of the present year there will be practically no slaves in the province.

What, a few months ago, had the dark outlines of a terrible tragedy, bids fair, to-day, to become a broad comedy. Slaves are running away in dozens, fifties, and hundreds—doing no harm to anyone, committing no depredations on the road, but peaceably seeking liberty and work, aided and abetted by some of the best men of both parties. Hundreds of slaves are freed by their masters every week. Now and then the slaves of some plantation “strike work,” pack up their very scanty wardrobes, inform their masters that times have changed, and that they are going. On several occasions the masters have helped them off.

The reactionary Government, now in power, has attempted to stem the tide by sending troops to capture and return the runaways. The plan, however, has worked badly. The troops sympathized with the slaves, or were worsted in the encounters. So, in spite of all opposition, the break has been made, and the institution will soon exist no longer here.

The question which should interest all Christian people is, What is to become of this multitude of

poor, ignorant, superstitious blacks, thrown upon society with no knowledge of their responsibility ? There is absolutely nothing being done for them now.

The census of 1885 showed that there were a million of slaves at that date. Under the Rio Branco law of 1871, all children of slave mothers are born free, but left in the custody of the owner of the mothers. A loose provision was made for educating them, but it is a dead letter, and they are virtually as much slaves as their mothers.

We venture to say that no inhabitant of the Congo basin needs the gospel of Christ any more than these wretched children of our common Father. The most of them have no more notion of a living God than they have of differential calculus.

They need education, but they also need to know the way of salvation through Jesus Christ.

Should not their pitiful destitution enlist the sympathy, the prayers, and the help of the Christian men and women of North America ?

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### APOSTOLIC SUCCESSION.

ONE day, Estevao Gibotti, an Italian, converted under the Rev. Dr. Wood's preaching in the Methodist Episcopal Church, at Montevideo, finding himself out of employment in Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil, and not wishing to remain idle, engaged himself to sell grapes for a countryman of his. In that capacity the missionary at that port met him, and suggested that instead of selling grapes he should sell Bibles and books. He accepted the offer at

once, and during two years and a half, traveling from one place to another, he sold several thousand dollars' worth of religious matter, at a very small expense to the missionary.

In Rio Grande he met, one day, another Italian, a tailor, and sold him a tract, "Farewell to the Pope." The tailor read it with interest, bought a Bible, applied for instruction, and gave the tract to one of his friends, a glazier; this man followed in the footsteps of the tailor, and gave "Farewell to the Pope" to a countryman of his, a shoemaker; and this young man gave the tract to another friend, a tailor. And so it came to pass that the tinker was the means of leading to the knowledge of the truth, the tailor; the tailor, the glazier; the glazier, the shoemaker; and the shoemaker, the second tailor.

They and another Italian made profession of their faith the same day, and three of them have already done excellent service for the Master. Tailor number one gathered a Sabbath-school of thirty children in Bagé. The shoemaker is now a deacon of the Presbyterian church of Rio Grande de Sul; Estevao Gibotti is keeping a small store in Jaguarao, where, by his consistent walk and conversation, he has won the respect and esteem of the whole city. It was in his shop that the Brazilian Catholic army chaplain, mentioned in our last number, received that copy of "O Pregadori Christao," edited by the Rev. E. Vanorden, which contained an article on the need of more laborers, and which led that priest to examine the truths of the Bible.

### AN INDIAN WITNESS.

THE proprietor of a village store in Conceicao has shown decided interest in the gospel, and has proved a valuable friend in many ways, though not yet giving evidence of a converted heart.

He was one day explaining to a man from the country some of the differences between Protestantism and Catholicism. He spoke of the avarice of the padres, and their turning religion into a mere business, and means of making a livelihood; and dwelt upon the absence of any religious element from the festivals of the Romish Church.

An Indian, who had come in to make some purchases, listened silently to the conversation; his stolid features giving no sign as to which side he favored in the discussion, for the other Brazilian was inclined to defend Romanism.

At last he spoke, and said to the store-keeper, "You are right. What you say is true. God takes no pleasure in these things."

So he had learned in God's book of nature. Ought he and his fellows to be longer left without the book of revealed truth—the Holy Bible?

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## Brazilian Missions.

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